

White Cloud



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Choice Poetry.

SONG OF THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

A PARODY.

BY ARTHUR MORELL.

Heigh-ho! for an office, heigh-ho!
To those who are so often so
Never mind what it is, high or low,
From a hog-ess to a Minister of State.
I'm getting quite steady, my plan—
With my clothes all my prospects will fade;
I can't think of begging again—
I'm too busy to work at my trade.
I once took it in very high stuff,
When offered an office as high as
The Constable—now, alas! enough
Would I be to get that town-crier.
Who bids? I am sure in the crowd
Of all parties under the sun!
I will do all your work, I'll be sure—
Only pay me well when it is done.
Who bids? I will work in my trade,
For the sum of two dollars a day.
With equal effect (for a wage),
For James K. Polk or Henry Clay.
And if neither of these are in want,
For the "Nation" then an on-hand—
Although this is not, I will grant,
Exactly my own native land.
But, then, what of it? I am not,
By a great deal, the first of the kind;
There are many like me, who have sought
And found a better job to their mind.
Who bids? Not a word, I declare!
And must I be long again?
No—'Tis true or I'll not rest, I swear,
Since I've tried for an office in vain!

A GEM.

BY HOOD.

A lake and a fairy boat,
To sail in the moonlight clear;
And surely we would float
From the dragons that watch on shore!
Thy gown should be snow-white silk;
Like gossamer dipped in milk,
Should twine with thy tresses curls!
Red ribbons should deck thy hands,
And diamonds should be thy down;
But fairies have broken their hands,
And wishing has lost its power!

Select Tale.

THE PONY CLUB.

A TALE OF THE BACK-WOODS SETTLEMENTS OF GEORGIA.

(Continued.)

The report of the rifle had also attracted the attention of the party in the hut, and at Daly's shout they came bounding to the pens. As soon as they had leaped the fence, they caught sight of the two bodies. A fine-looking horse stood over them with dilated eyes; but when the men approached, he snorted a stream of warm blood from his nostrils, and dashed wildly among his fellows. For a moment the stricken party stood speechless. At length they shouted to Daly, but he had already got beyond the reach of their voices. Then, one by one, they stooped down and examined the dead bodies.

The silence was broken by Dove, who exclaimed, "By Heaven, the Squire has killed the trader, and Daly has shot the Squire!" "He hasn't done no such thing," said the boy, quickly, "twasn't Snap that made that sound."

"He has killed him in cold blood, for what passed in anger," said Shattlin. "I did not think that of Daly, I kin hardly credit it now."

"Who else but he could have done it?" asked Jim Cooley, the Squire's brother. "He has killed him and run off."

Again they shouted wildly to Daly; there was no answer but the echoes of their own voices.

Having lifted the bodies from the ground, they bore them into the hut, in the presence of the two assistants, who were seated on a long bench, bound hand and foot. Horror-struck at the sight, the younger of the two cried out, "Oh, my God, John, they've cut his throat for his money!"

"Money!" shouted Jim Cooley, "what money had the master, my lad?"

"Nigh upon thirty thousand dollars, in his side pocket."

With the speed of lightning, Dove pounced upon the corpse, and commenced searching for the money. It was nowhere to be found.

"It may be in the pens," said Frank. "It might have dropped out in the scuffle."

In an instant the four men were in the pens, but they sought in vain for money or pocket-book.

"I see it all now," said Shattlin, "Daly has killed the Squire and got the money. He has broken the rules. Where is he? We'll after him, and make him answer for this!"

While they thus debated, the boy Frank, who knew that part of this was the truth, and who feared that all might be correct, started off, unseen by the party, and followed, in a sort of trot, the steps of his uncle. Reaching the cabin almost at the same time that Daly did, the boy cried out, "save yourself, Ned Daly. They have found out all they are swearin' revenge at you for killin' the Squire!"

"I am going, Frank, but I didn't kill the Squire," replied Daly, sadly. "That little Rowell did it as Cooley set upon the trader. A mere boy to kill such a man!"

"I'll go to the cave at Fallowa. They won't find me unless you tell them where I am. Tonight, if all is quiet, saddle the horses, take some brandy and venison, and meet me there. We'll go to the West together. All depends on you."

"There ain't no fear of me," said the boy, and they parted.

In the meantime the party, whose suspicions had been increased by the flight of the lad, after some consultation, determined to proceed as quickly as possible to Daly's house. They freed the assistants from their cords, and obtained from them a couple of bridles, a saddle, and some rope; and having caught two horses, they laid the Squire's body on one, while Moss saddled and mounted the other. As soon as the rest of the party had got on their beasts, the four men started with their dead companion, and, riding at full speed, reached the cabin without interruption. Some time, however, had been lost in making their arrangements, so that Daly had left his house at least twenty minutes before they came up.

On their arrival at Daly's, they dismounted, and, having entered the hut, called loudly for him. No answer was returned; and on looking closely, for the room was nearly in darkness, they saw that, with the exception of the lad, who was sitting by the half-mothered fire, with his face buried in his hands, and of the negro boy, who was snoring loudly in the chimney corner, the cabin was empty.

"Where's Daly?" abruptly asked Dove.

"I don't know," replied the boy sullenly. "I haven't seen him."

"Doubtless you are speaking the truth," said Dove, with a sneer.

"I tell you again, I don't know where he is," said the boy, firmly.

"But you do know," said Jim Cooley, fiercely.

"Uncle did not kill the Squire," said the boy, who was somewhat alarmed at the angry appearance of the men.

"He told me he didn't," twasn't young Rowell killed him as he sat on the trader's body!"

"If you tell me such an infernal lie again, I'll dash your brains out," said Dove furiously.

"A minute ago you said you hadn't seen him, and now it seems you have. If your story be true, why didn't you stop and face us? Why didn't he tell us the fellows had money? he is a traitor. He has broken the rules of the club, he has pocketed the money, he has fooled us, he has done more, he has killed Tom Cooley!"

"He did not kill the Squire," said the boy, firmly; "when I came here I axed uncle all about it, and he swore that he hadn't lifted a finger against Tom Cooley!"

"Where is your uncle?"

"I cannot say," replied the boy, "and if I could I would not."

For a moment the men consulted together in whispers; and then springing suddenly on the boy, they bore him out, and in spite of his struggles and threats of vengeance, bound him secure on a horse.

They then mounted again, and after riding briskly for about half a mile through the forest, arrived at the hut in which the deceased Squire had resided.

Having dismounted from their horses, Jim Cooley and his companions entered his late brother's hut, bearing with them the Squire's body, and leading the boy Frank, whose hands were tied behind him. The corpse, which was covered with blood, and presented a ghastly spectacle, was laid on the bed, to one of the posts of which the lad was tied. It was now morning; the grey light came dawning over the hills, though the forest had still a cold, sombre appearance.

After some whispering among the men, Jim Cooley approached the lad, and said:

"Frank, where is your uncle Daly?"

"I don't know," replied the boy, sullenly.

"We'll make you know," said Cooley, sternly.

"If you don't tell us, we'll strip you, and thrash every inch of skin off your back!"

The boy cast his eyes down, and preserved a moody silence. Again the men whispered together, and then Dove turned suddenly to the boy, and said:

"Frank, lad, have you ever seen a horse in the scratches tied by the nose, while they were putting the blue-stones to his shins and hoofs?"

The lad looked up, apparently surprised at the question.

"If," continued Dove, "by the time the sun that's now risin' on the hills, shines in this door, you haven't told us where Daly is, I'll wring your nose in the same way."

Having said this, he directed the men to seek out a bit of stout whip-cord, while he pulled out his knife, and commenced preparing a stick for his instrument of torture. From the pockets of the party sundry pieces of twine were produced, one of which he selected, pleasantly remarking, "This will hurt the most. It won't cut the skin too quickly."

These preparations, which were soon made, the boy eyed sullenly, but silently.

At length the sun broke gloriously over the hills; the dew sparkled in its beams, the squirrel leaped gaily from branch to branch, the birds carolled in its rays; it seemed to gladden all things; but Frank trembled as it gilded the threshold of the hut, for he well knew the character of the men who surrounded him.

"Are you ready to tell now?" asked Dove, as he approached the boy with the novel instrument of torture.

"Why not ask me where the stag slept last night?"

"You know where Daly is," said Dove, as he applied the loop to the boy's nose, and commenced to twist the stick. "I'll twist until you tell us where he's hiding!"

"'Twill not disgrace him," said Moss, who was sincerely attached to the boy, and who was endeavoring by the application of cold water, to restore him to his senses. "If you'll leave him to me, when he comes to I'll worm the secret from him."

In a few minutes Frank opened his eyes, and encountering the looks of his oppressors, slowly closed them with a groan.

Moss instantly approached him. "Frank," said he, "if your uncle did not kill the Squire, we won't touch him; but we must see him and get the truth from him. Where is he?"

The boy made no reply, but looked earnestly at Dove, who was drawing the shoe from his right foot.

"What's that for, Dove?" asked he.

"I'll wring every toe on your foot as I've wrung your nose, unless you tell," replied Dove, and he quietly applied the instrument of torture.

"Hand me some water, Moss," said the boy. Moss complied with his request. The lad drank it, and said: "Go on now, Dove. It can't be worse than the other."

But he was mistaken. At the third or fourth turn of the stick the agony seemed insupportable, the perspiration gushed from every pore in his skin, and the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.

"Speak, Frank," said Moss. But the boy spoke not.

Dove, who seemed to take a pleasure in the torture he was inflicting, kept turning and turning, all the while keeping his eye fixed upon his victim.

"Did your uncle know of the money?" asked Shattlin.

There was no reply.

"Did he kill the Squire?" asked Moss.

Still there was no reply.

"Loose the string, Dove," said Moss.

Dove removed the blood-stained cord, the doing of which was evidently painful for the lad shrieked furiously.

"No more nonsense, Frank," said Moss. "What's the use of hurting yourself in this way? If your uncle can clear himself, he shall come to no harm. But we must see him. Where is he?"

The kindness with which Moss spoke seemed to move the lad more than the tortures that he had suffered. He sobbed loudly for a moment, and then said:

"Moss, I cannot tell you. My uncle has raised me from childhood."

Again Dove approached with the instruments of torture.

"Stop," said Moss, who seemed to be struck by some sudden thought, "stop. If you won't touch the boy till I come back, I'll soon find out Ned Daly's hiding place."

Having obtained from the men a promise that nothing further should be done to the lad until his return, he rushed from the hut, and springing on his horse, rode furiously to Daly's cabin.

"Abel!" shouted he, "Abel!"

Thus called, the negro boy raised himself from the chimney-corner, shook the ashes from him, and poked his black face cautiously through the door.

"Ah, dat a you, Massa Moss! What the devil you hab do with Massa Frank?"

"Come here," said Moss; and, as the negro slowly approached him, he continued, holding up a hickory stick, "Do you see this? Are you awake?"

"Berry wide awake, Massa Moss," replied the negro with a grin.

"Were you awake when your Massa Daly came home last night?"

"Ees, Massa Moss, I was."

"What did he say?"

"Twasn't Massa Frank begin. He say dat massa must cut and run, for dat you was comin' arter him to kill him."

"Well!" said Moss.

"So he said he didn't kill de Squire, but dat he has some money; and he took some benzon and powder, and some bullets, and some brandy, and him pipe and bacsy. Ugh, but he berry cole out here, Massa Moss, as he held up the hickory."

"I see 'em, I see 'em. He tek some benzon and powder and some bullets, and him pipe and bacsy, and he say—Gor-a-mighty, Massa Moss, your horse very sweet and smoky!"

"Blast you!" said Moss, as he cracked the boy sharply upon the head. "What did Massa Daly say?"

"He say he goin to Fallowa Falls, to hide himself in the cave."

"Now jump up here," said Moss, delightedly. "You must go with me."

"You gwine to thrash me again, Massa Moss?"

"No; come along. You and your Massa Frank shall have a good breakfast together—Poor fellow! he needs it."

The day advanced on him, he slackened his pace, partly because he feared pursuit in this direction, and partly because, having passed two anxious and sleepless nights, he was becoming exceedingly fatigued.

"Ah," sighed he, as he ascended the apparently interminable hills, "a heavy heart makes heavy feet. Was I seekin a new home with all this money in my pocket, and nothing on my conscience, I could a went these hills as lightly as a squirrel!"

In this sad humor he had proceeded about nine miles, when, moved apparently by some sudden impulse, he turned abruptly into the forest on the right, and, having gone about fifty yards from the road, quietly seated himself at the foot of an enormous pine tree.

"They won't think of coming this way," said he; "and I told Frank not to follow me all night. So I might just as well count my money, eat my breakfast, and take a nap."

Thus saying, he drew out the pocket-book, and began to arrange and count the notes. The case, which was of unusual size, was literally crammed with money; and as Daly counted and counted not upon note, to the large sum of thirty-three thousand dollars, he could not help exclaiming:

"Well, I reckon a man must want his throat cut that 'ud toll so much cash about him!"

For a few moments he gave way to the emotions of pleasure which the possession of such a sum would naturally excite; but it was not long before other thoughts rushed upon him, and rendered him as despondent as before. He felt that his position was a critical one; that, as the supposed murderer of Cooley, and as the possessor of so much money, he would be hotly pursued; and that, if even he found a new home, he must find it in the far West, beyond the reach of his deceived and exasperated companions.

"Darn the thing!" said he bitterly, as he fixed his eyes upon the pocket-book that was lying on his knees. "I'd give all them bank-notes to be where I was yesterday, to be sitin in my own cabin, with Frank and Tom Cooley by my side!"

A mouthful of venison, however, and a draught of brandy banished the most bitter of these thoughts; and, having lighted and smoked his pipe, he restored the money to his pocket, and stretching himself out in the sun, was soon sound asleep.

When Daly arose from his necessary and refreshing slumbers, the sun was casting long shadows to the eastward. "I didn't mean to sleep here so long," said he; "but no matter, there's yet time enough to reach the Falls before dark." With this remark he picked up his rifle, and slinging it across his shoulders, he pushed his way through the forest into the road.

He had not proceeded, however, more than a few hundred yards before he perceived the track of horses. As the road at that time was but little frequented, this sight somewhat surprised him; nor was that surprise diminished, when, upon examination, he found that the animals must have been urged at some speed towards the Falls.

"Kin Frank have proved false?" muttered he, "kin my own sister's child have betrayed me? Why not? why not? Didn't I prove traitor to them who had trusted me with all?"

Heart-stricken by these thoughts, he remained standing for some minutes in the middle of the road, uncertain what course to pursue. At length he determined to go forward; but, deeming caution necessary, he struck into the woods, and, keeping within five or six yards of the road, forced his way painfully through the bushes to the rocks that overhung the Falls.

Here, tied to trees, he perceived six horses, all of which he recognized. Convinced now that his meditated retreat was discovered, he decided at once to cross the Fallowa Ford, and to seek, for the moment, a hiding place among the rocks on the other side of the river. Feeling assured also that Frank had betrayed him, he came to another resolution, namely, to make his way through Tennessee to the far West, as soon as he could do so safely. Rapidly descending the mountain side, he regained the road, crossed the ford, and by extraordinary exertion, succeeded in reaching the summit of the northern Fallowa rock by dark.

I must now go back a little in my story. It was about four o'clock when Dove and his party reached the Falls. Wishing to take Daly before night, they immediately descended to the cave, and shouted to him to show himself. No answer being returned, Moss approached to the narrow aperture, and examined it carefully.

"Daly is not here," said he. "Neither man nor beast has entered this hole for months. A fox could not have passed by and that grass cobweb remain as it is."

"Then that damned nigger lied," said Dove, furiously.

"I don't think it," said Cooley. "Abel had no reason for telling a lie. Daly ain't far from here, unless he's changed his mind and gone into Tennessee."

"That ain't a bad guess," said Moss. "If he hadn't meant to go to Tennessee, he wouldn't come here. He can't escape. He must come on the road-side to night, and even if he walks hard, he'll find neither house nor horse till to-morrow noon."

"Let's follow him at once," said Dove.

"Not now," said Moss. "Is the dark we may over-ride him. We had better sleep here to-night, and by starting early in the morning we shall be sure to catch him at Tom Lawson's."

The party having determined to abide by the advice which Moss had given, began to reascend the precipice. The Falls of Fallowa, which really merit the attention of tourists, are accessible, except to the most enterprising, only on the southern side. Immediately over the grand basin into which the river, by a series of magnificent cascades, empties itself, stands a massive projecting rock which it is impossible to reach but by a descent of nearly four hundred yards along the most perpendicular sides of the mountain. Even in the present day, although some efforts have been made to facilitate this object, the descent to this spot is so perilous as to deter

many. In the days of the Pony Club, everything being in a state of nature, it was of course much more so; and it was only by clinging to the little branches of the kalmas and rhododendron, that Moss and his party could gain the heights upon which they had left their horses.

"'Twas well for us," said Moss, as they were ascending, "that Daly was not in the cave; for he'd picked up off these bushes, one by one, as we pick squirrels from a tree."

With the first grey light the men started from their slumbers, and prepared to move. After matching a hasty meal they were about to ride, when Dove said, "Somehow I don't think that Daly has gone on. I rather guess he was to meet the lad here. So if you think that five on you is enough for one man, I'll go down again and wait till you come back."

Roused from his slumbers by the morning light, Daly sprang to his feet and approached the edge of the precipice that overlooks the ford. Accustomed as he was to the wild scenery of the picturesque counties of Habersham and Rabun, this rude man stood upon the brow of the rock gazing with wonder at the scene before him.

To the north lay the blue hills of Rabun, capped with mists; to the south, twenty miles of forest were spreading their autumn dyed leaves to the sun; below him, at the depth of twelve hundred feet, were the boiling waters of Fallowa.

"Tain't often," said he, as he folded his arms across his breast, "that the sun shines on such a picture as this!"

At this moment the party was crossing the ford.

"Shattlin," said Cooley, as he pointed with his finger to the rock, "what's that?"

At this question the party looked up; and lo! Daly, who had also seen them, was retreating from the edge of the precipice.

"Tie he," said Shattlin, in a shrill whisper. "He's our's now. He's our's, money and all."

Urging their horses through the ford, the men rode at full speed up the sides of the mountain, and when, from the nature of the ground, the panting animals could go no further, they dismounted, secured their beasts, and continued the ascent on foot. At length they reached a piece of level ground, out of which arose, to the height of sixty yards, the almost perpendicular rock to which Daly had retreated. Here, at the distance of thirty yards from its base, they determined to call a parley, and having fired a rifle to attract their attention, they made woods the echo with the name of Daly.

"What do you want with me?" asked Daly; who, completely screened by bushes and rocks, had been watching the manoeuvres of the party below.

"We want to know why you killed the Squire!" shouted Moss.

"I did not kill him," replied Daly. "Twasn't young Rowell did it."

"You lie, Ned Daly," said Shattlin, stepping forward. "You did kill the Squire. You killed him to get the thirty thousand dollars. You've got them, Ned Daly, but you shall never spend them; for, by the living God, if we stay here for one month you shall die for this deed."

"Then die first, you dog," shouted Daly. And Shattlin flung a stone at the man by a rifle ball.

"To shelter," cried Moss, as he hid himself behind a tree. The three others immediately followed his example.

"S'ir from those trees," said Daly, "and so help me God, I'll serve each one of you as I served Shattlin."

Leaving the men in this strange position, Daly retreated to the side of the precipice that overhung the falls. It was the only side from which escape was possible; but accustomed as he was to the rocks and precipices, Daly's heart sunk within him, as he looked down the gulf that was boiling fearfully below. "Tis no use looking," said he, "it has been done, and it must be done again. I was a fool to catch myself in such a trap."

Drawing out a brandy-flask, he drained it to the dregs, and then, after trying several places, he commenced the descent in earnest. To his surprise, however, he found it was as easy to descend to the water on this side the falls as on the other; and he regretted, when half way down, that he had left his rifle on the top of the rock. In the course of an hour he had descended to within twenty yards of what is termed the rim of the basin, and that which at first was barely a faint hope of escape was fast becoming a certainty, when the report of a rifle rolled and rattled along the craggy sides of the mountains, and Daly, springing backwards, plunged headlong in the foaming waters.

"Now for the money," shouted Dove, from the other side of the stream. "The body must come up at the ford!"

Slings his rifle across his back he began rapidly to climb the precipice. But the tragedy was not yet complete; for, when he arrived within eighty feet of the summit, Dove heard some one calling him by name, and on looking up, his eye met the disguised face of the boy Frank. He was kneeling on the edge of the precipice, holding in his hand a heavy mass of rock.

"Dove," said he, "if you sit a finger, I will dash you to atoms." Dove remained stationary, vainly attempting, as he held by the bushes above him, to find a solid resting place for his feet. It was a position which he could not long sustain. Fatigued by his previous exertions, he gradually felt himself growing more and more weak; and yet, when he remembered his cruelty to the boy, he dared not hope for mercy. At length, however, urged by fear and pain, he cried:

"For God's sake, let me come up, Frank. I'm growin faint. I can't hold on much longer."

But the boy remained inexorable.

"Oh! save me, Frank!" shrieked Dove; "save me! The waters are goin over me. I hear them sound in my ears."

"They have rolled over uncle," said the boy, who saw unmoved the arms of the hanging wretch quivering from exhaustion.

At length Dove turned his face upwards. He was too weak to speak, but his face spoke volumes. Moved by its agonized expression, Frank threw the rock aside, and cried:

"Come up, Dove—come up—I forgive you!"

"'Twas too late. Dove raised himself an inch or two, and then his hold was loosened, and he went pitching from rock to rock, until he sunk in the very basin to which he had consigned Daly. His rifle held him down, and to this day, perhaps, the water of Fallowa are playing upon the bones of the most cruel member of the Pony Club.

Useful and Curious.

Measures of Length.

Measures of length are the distance of one object from another, according to some agreed standard.

A line is the twelfth of an inch, and the one hundred and forty-fourth of a foot.

A geometrical pace is 44 feet English; and an English mile contains 1,600 paces, or 1,760 yards, or 5,280 feet.

A Scotch mile contains 1,500 paces; a German mile 4,000; a Swedish or Danish mile 5,000; the Russian mile 750.

A hand, used in measuring the height of horses, is 4 inches.

A surveyor's chain is 4 poles, or 66 feet, divided into 100 links of 7.92 inches. A square chain is 16 poles, and 10 square chains are an acre. 640 square acres are a square mile; and 4,840 square yards are an acre, 69,584 yards each way.

The Irish acre is 7,840 square yards. The Scotch acre is 1.37 English. A French arpent is $\frac{1}{2}$ of an English acre. 121 Irish acres are equal to 196 English. 48 Scotch acres are equal to 61 English. 11 Irish miles are equal to 14 English. 80 Scotch miles are equal to 91 English.

A sea league is 3,436 miles, or the twentieth of a degree. 6,078 feet are a sea mile. A degree at the equator is 365,101 feet or 69,148 miles, or 69 1-7 nearly.

NATURE AND ART.—Upon examining the edge of a very keen razor, with a microscope, it will appear as smooth as the back of a thick knife: rough, uneven, full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles a rough iron bar. But the stings of a bee, seen through the same instrument, exhibits everywhere a polish most amazingly beautiful without the least flaw, blemish or inequality, and ends with a point too fine to be discernible. A small piece of exceedingly fine lawn appears, through a microscope, like a hurdle or lattice, and the threads seem swifter than yarn with which ropes are made for anchors, but a silk-worm's web appears perfectly smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that can be made with a pen appears when viewed by the microscope, an irregular spot, rough, jagged and uneven. But the little speck on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be most accurately circular. So great is the contrast between the work of God and man.

RECIPE FOR DYSENTERY.—As